UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVI. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1844. WHOLE NO. 1218.

Original Poetry.

LINES.

Addressed to a Lady upon Viewing a Fine Painting of a Sea-Storm and Ship Wreck, drawn by her own hand.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

Lady! had thou been painted well
Old Ocean in a storm!
The angry's grand and gloomy swell,
The clouds of chalcery form—
The briefless skiff is tapsied in sport
The weary oars on shore,
The lone star rising on its wray,—
All but the solemn roar!

Grace has left its fadeless light
In that breathing view,
Imagination's widest flight
Hath made thy gracil true
To Nature's far sublimest scene.
I gaze with swimming eye,
And almost hear the curses loss
The hoar the deige sweep by.

A wreck! it is a lonely thing
Upon the surging sea,
We think how much the tempest's wing,
Grew mute each sound of glee:
And of the shrieks he help, unheard
Save by the God of life.
The dark suspense of hope deferred
And then each dying strife.

But oh! life's endless ocean hath
For clamatier wrecks than those
Of which the billows, in their wrath,
At hour of midnight close.
For hence, with all its pain, is there
By sorrow darkly strewn,
And toward the realm of lone despair,
The wrecked of Love are drawn.

Noah! I've seen the lowest go down
Neath its remorseless reign,
There ever rests a storm-like frown
On my heroine's reign.
I know Swell dreams till it flags
In sparkles o'er the scene,
That yet shall close me unchanging,
And leave a sunniest grave. H.

Translations.

THE PEDLAR'S DAUGHTER.

A Tale of the Seventeenth Century.

CONCLUDED.

TRANSLATED, FOR THE POST, FROM THE FRENCH,
BY M. HASTINGS WELD.

CHAPTER VII.—A COMMOTION.

The chariot travelled with great rapidity, and when in the night—stopping only to give Diana the time necessary for repose sufficient to enable her to support life under the fatigue of the endless ride. And the further they advanced, the Marshal wrapped himself up more and more in mystery. Whenever there were any obstacles in his department, he paid such extreme respect to Diana, as would excite the attention and influence the curiosity of those who could not notice the party well.

But if he addressed himself to Diana in public, with head uncovered and humbly inclined, he made up for it by his disrespect when they were unobserved. Alone in the chariot, when there were no witnesses, he treated her with perfect disdain. The Marshal was of a most sombre and melancholy, which the wrath and horrors of Diana served to decrease the more. Sometimes, it is true, he seemed to give way to the charms and graces, and the composure of the young female, but a smile played upon his lips, and his features lost their hardness, but soon, as if he was ashamed to be subject to such a weakness, the clouds gathered on his brow again, and his aspect was more gloomy than ever.

Elias, plain, artful and intelligent, relaxed not his watch an instant for the slightest indication which should throw light on his position, and the strange part which his daughter filled;—but the cunning old man feigned to sleep almost without interruption. His eyes were closed, and his head was inclined upon his breast, but he lost, notwithstanding those sleepy appearances, not a movement, or a gesture, above all, not a word which passed was passing around him. Diana and he were never a moment together, except in the presence of the Marshal, and should one catch up a word which was not overheard. Nevertheless, the young girl was convinced that her father knew perfectly well the route they were taking, and that he had even begun to penetrate something of the mystery with which they were environed.

After fifteen days' travelling, they arrived at a seaport. A vessel ready to set sail awaited them, and they were to go on board at short passage they landed, and again took the chariot which had been brought in the same vessel, and necessitated a halt of several hours' morning at nightfall, they arrived at a small village. There the Marshal said to Elias:

"I must here leave you. You will meet me again by and by. Direct the charioteer to draw on in the road which is open before you, to reach a small village, and there the gate boldly, and demeanor of any passenger to be conducted to the Gudegrenth. From thence you will easily, the Marshal, which glittered as he raised it, in the last flash of the retreating torches. Elias hurried forth, and the Marshal defiance of his murderous intent, was lodged in the darkness.

CHAP. VIII.—THE CURRENT CHANGES.

The encounter which took upon them to crown a Queen was made up of people of hom his condition, artizans and women. For the most part they were without shoes, clothed some brandished sticks, and here and there in the crowd was a rusty sword.

Before Elias could overtake the procession, and approach Diana, the crowd had reached the Palace. Pale and fainting, the poor child mumbled and the scattering rags of single torches came but occasionally into the room.

"No person!" the cold-hearted and selfish concluded. "I knew that I conducted you further. My presence here, if I am not seen with you, will not seem extraordinary—for the city of Stockholm is tumultuous. Old man! You must not betray—you must not seem to know—But I will take the same way!"

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The Marshal placed two lights in the window, and without the assistance of the Jew, directed Diana to approach, and stand without seeming to intend it, where she could be seen by the passengers.

Very soon a murmur of men's voices was heard in the street. A crowd collected under the window, increasing every moment, and soon braves! and shouts began to ascend from the increasing multitude. The Marshal himself keeping in the back ground, ordered the Jew to open the window. Then a thousand hands waved their bonnets in the air—thousands of voices united in the cry, and acclamation without example—the madness of popular excitement—the delirium of popular joy.

"Kiss your hand to the people," said the Marshal to Diana.

Now began to decline their offered honor —sorrowfully shake your head, and then retire from the window," said her confidante.

Diana, more dead than alive at this strange scene, followed his directions. Hardly had she done so, when a mighty yell of anguish agony, disappointment, and loyalty, rent the skies In an instant more the mob broke into the apartment, and their insolence being seized the terrified Diana, and led her with rude respect into the street, the crowd giving way as they had before done. They placed her on an impromptu litter of green boughs, and as with her face pale with fear she glanced upon the crowd, and her diamonds flashed and sparkled in the torch-light, the shout again arose:

"To the Palace! To the Palace! Let the Queen enjoy her own again, and bless her people!"

"Ah!" cried the old Marshal, "why could not my ministers listen to me!—Why would she send this child, instead of coming herself, to receive the oath of fealty of the noble people—I know they would place her on the throne again with acclamations—aye, per cent. on the duties! But we can do now! How shall we safely unfervice this mob?"

"My daughter! They will kill my child!" cried Elias, who could not restrain his fears—"She is lost!—lost! God of our Fathers, protect—for Thou alone canst save her!"

"Silence, old man!" continued the Marshal, without a thought for poor Diana.—"What can he done to avoid compromising my mission? Ah! I have it!" and at which I ought to have foreseen the issue!"

"Vivat! Vivat!" shouted the crowd.—"Live the Queen! Forward! To the Palace!—Vivat!"

The lights in the room had been overturned in the confusion, and the old man, with a wild and terrible look, gazed upon the features of his daughter lifted!—but the cunning old man feigned to sleep almost without interruption. His eyes were closed, and his head was inclined upon his breast, but he lost, notwithstanding those sleepy appearances, not a movement, or a gesture, above all, not a word which passed was passing around him. Diana and he were never a moment together, except in the presence of the Marshal, and should one catch up a word which was not overheard. Nevertheless, the young girl was convinced that her father knew perfectly well the route they were taking, and that he had even begun to penetrate something of the mystery with which they were environed.

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EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 20, 1841

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and one of the following premiums:

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the premiums.

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For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Godey's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Godey's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

We have had a whiff from Greenland this week—we suppose to punish us for having complained last Sunday of the weather's being Greenaste went up to par on Sunday, and for the two following days commanded a premium. Well—for Greenland—for once—for once, and there is no philosophy like submission to what one can't help.

This has been Thanksgiving week in old Massachusetts, and the Stonington Railroad has, we see, had its annual load of turkeys for the festive table. What a load of pies, and plates, and whetting of knives was heard on Thursday in every domicile of that staid commonwealth—a vengeance waiting impatiently for the preliminaries to be over, and eyeing every movement of the knife as most after prize was prepared. Then the glow of the evening party! What jokes were cracked and stories told, and how every body went to bed happy and woke up with the night-mare. Commend us to a Thanksgiving dinner! The practice, too, of gathering all the children of the family, married or unmarried, around the board at the old homestead on that day, is one last opposite in the heart. What tenderness are contained in it. Perhaps it been two or three after an absence of years—perhaps the bride comes with her young husband—perhaps the boy from College, or the daughter from a distant school. All are happy!

There is little in the foreign news brought by the Britannia as we refer our readers to another column for what items of importance there are. We notice, among other facts, that the assassination of the Spanish dukes has died. The deaths of this man, was four hundred thousand dollars a season. He held estates in every country which is now, or has been under the dominion of Spain. He was Duke of Infantado as well as of Osuna, a grandee of ten titles, and Marquis, Count and Baron of twenty more. The titles and estates of three great families were united in him. Such an enormous aggregation of wealth happily cannot exist in this country, where there is to law of primogeniture. Those immense fortunes in a single hand necessarily produce a thousand beggars. We are never aware of the advantages of living in this republic until one go abroad, and see the extreme poverty on the one hand and the overgrown fortunes on the other. Here, there is scarcely a beggar; there, ten men are paupers where one is rich.

We finish "The Pedlar's Daughter" this week; and we are sure our readers will agree with us, that it is an excellent story, and well worthy transplanting into our language. We have another letter from our "Wayside Traveller," which shall appear soon.

PIRATES ON THE SEA.

Many persons set down for improbable, the fictions which turn on piracies, and even sneer seemingly at the silence of recent years in this time. But these miscreants still infest the seas, and almost out very coasts. Very lately, the Pomeria, of Glasgow, in ballast, bound for 320 tons burthen, under the command of Captain Moore, was unfortunate enough, on the 28th of July last, while on her passage from Jamaica to Europe, to be overtaken by a pirate schooner, carrying Spanish colors, with a crew of apparently about fifty men, most of whom were negroes and mulattoes. She was a beautiful craft, with a large gun on a pivot between the main and foremasts, pointed yaw on the starboard side and black on the larboard. Capt. M., deeming resistance vain, surrendered, and the result was the immediate slaughter of himself, his chief mate, Mr. Gough, followed by the murder of most of the rest of the crew, excepting some who threw themselves overboard to avoid the savage cruelty of the pirates. The remaining few after the cruel treatment, were bound in irons and left in the fore-hatchway, by the pirates, who, having plundered the vessel of what they wished, cut away the topmasts, destroyed the rigging and sails, and scuttled her in several places. The unfortunate vessel was left in with a few days after the massacre, when she was water-logged and nearly on a sinking condition, by several male and female crew after the pirates left the vessel, contrived to extricate themselves and were found in a deplorable state.

THE SCOTT MONUMENT.

The monument to Sir Walter Scott at Edinburgh is now completed. It is a superb structure, in the Gothic style. The top stone was placed on Saturday, October 23, at 12 o'clock, and the act was celebrated by a hearty cheer from the workmen, and responded to by many of the inhabitants in Princes' Street. The union jack was immediately hoisted on the summit. In the course of the afternoon, a number of the committee, and other citizens, went to the top, hoisted up through the main scaffolding by the steam engine. The building is now 200 feet from the level of Princes' Street, and about 200 feet above the spire of St. Anthony's steeple. It has been entirely built by an masons, four of which have been employed from first to last, and the other two occasionally. There has not been the slightest accident during the whole progress of the building.

Yet in us there is a strange mockery in the practice England of building such monuments: for many there are constructed in honor of men whom neglect has starved. Even in Scott's own world on the same year expended on this structure have prolonged—but by diminishing the excessive mental labor of his later years—the untimely removal of Rome looks down on the Pope, yet he died broken hearted and in poverty. There are now living in England and Scotland several men, each of whom has written the richest accident during the whole progress of the building.

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POWER TO ENDURE HEAT.

The vitality of the human body resides in to resist a heat that would almost immediately consume inanimate matter. Numerous experiments have been made, and are familiar to chemists. The celebrated Breaking, Chabert, who was the wonder of all Europe a few years, took advantage of a philosophical fact to astonish the ignorant, and fill his own pocket. His exemption from destruction in the oven, was shared in common with any cool every man who would have ventured on such a feat in front of him, we may say that in Egland lately, a young girl endured as many minutes in the thermometer stood the degrees of Fahrenheit, and remained three quarters of an hour in a vapor of boiling water. Her temperature was not increased or lessened. The experiment, of course, excited wonder. Another girl remained in the oven as long as the former had done, at the same temperature, and with the same impunity. Nay, she even breathed for the space of five minutes, air heated to about 400 degrees of Fahrenheit, or 132 degrees above that of boiling water.

KIDD'S TREASURES.

We published an account, some time since, that the enough being made in case a vessel, near Caldwell's Landing, on the Hudson, supposed to be the ship of Capt. Kidd, the pirate, which had sunk about that spot many years ago. Tradition is positive that this is the spot where he scuttled and abandoned his ship, when pressed by a man-of-war up the North river. The workmen have been assiduously engaged in boring into the supposed locality of the sunken vessel, and, as it has submerged in sand, in water thirty feet deep. Within the last few days a map imported has been given to their hands, by which they have had penetrated about eight feet below the deck, they tried with something hard, resembling the head of a cask. On the 17th inst. Messrs. Smith, superintends the proceedings, favored us some suppositions by which to bring up the object of their search, without the expense in the effort. The rest of the story is told in the affidavits of the workmen.

The engineer came on the scene, and soon the steam engine brought up on something hard, which Captain Smith thought by the shape of the square, and by placing the hand on the shaft, judged to be a cask or barrel of specie. The augers and drills were worked for several hours in this hard substance, when the auger came up with the head of the shaft caused the hard substance to give way, and the workmen did not, therefore, get another at the "treasure of the sea" below.

Subsequently the experiment was resumed successfully. In one case the bit, or part of the drill, was coated with a white substance which Capt. Dunn believed to be silver, and which did not rust as the other portion did. On another occasion, after drilling some time on a hard substance, a piece of silver was attached to the end of the drill. On getting down below bits, silver fragments and scrapings were brought up; whether of plate or coin they could not tell. Several of the workmen say from about eight feet below the deck of the boat.

Mr. Cowles confirms the statements, and adds that he has seen pieces of silver, and some of which are silver, and also that the diver employed on the treasure saw the iron three feet, coated in various places with what appeared to be silver, which he supposed was the other portion of the pipe, although it has been out of the water two or three days.

We think that Mr. Cowles is a fair witness, when we recollect old *Dousterswent* in "The Antiquary." The pieces brought up may, after all, be lead and silver. Men are apt to be deceived if enthusiasts.

MEXICO.

The "troubled waters" of Mexico, have not yet subsided. There is every indication that another storm is about to burst over that unfortunate country. It seems to be the destiny of that country to be afflicted. We have never seen those at the head of affairs for any important item in, that the Chambers have refused a loan to enable Santa Ana to carry on his campaign against Texas. The matter came up in the Chambers, on the 15th, on the report of a Committee to authorize a loan of three millions of dollars.

"On the 15th ult. this policy was unexpectedly thwarted by Senator Tornel and Rodriguez, and was as earnestly opposed by Senors Gomez and Rosa. The matter was taken on the 16th of October, and the Chamber then refused, by a majority of 44 to 17, to entertain, the project de loi recommended by the Committee. The debate on the occasion is said to have been full of interest. The house was crowded to suffocation, who applauded the different speakers; their enthusiasm came to a climax when Senor Tornel proposed that the Chamber should declare that the Government had no confidence in the ministers, and that the present ministry should resign. This proposition was received with the most enthusiastic applause, and was carried by a majority of 44 to 17. The ministers, however, have not resigned, and it is supposed that they will not do so. The Chamber of Deputies, however, has refused to grant the loan, and the Government is in consequence in a very embarrassed situation."

SINGULAR FACT.

The New London News, Conn., says, that it was informed by a fisherman just in from a cruise, that during his absence he had seen a most singular phenomenon, the like of which has never been known in this latitude. The weather was fine, and the sea somewhat rough, but very few fish having been taken, and so many of the old fishing grounds not one could be found, he steered off to the eastward, south of Long Island, their attention was attracted to the beach, which was literally strewed with the bodies of dead fish, just washed up by the sea.

Black fish, runners, lobsters, and crabs, and many other species which inhabit the shores at this season, lay promiscuously on the sand. On examining the wall of the smack it was discovered that the fish which they had taken were also dead. As far as the eye could see extended Eastward, toward Montauk Point, it was said to be covered with a "fog" of the sea (formed by adverse tides, we suppose,) and that as far as could be seen in either direction it "fog" was full of the dead fish. Soon after this the wall of the smack was examined, and every fish in it found to be dead. Those caught by trolling or jigging appeared to be in quite vigorous condition. Similar phenomena have been observed in the Mediterranean after a volcanic eruption in some of the neighborhood mountains, but

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☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Wilcoxon.

Notices of New Works.

THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE, *for December*, is before us, and for lovers of reading matter we know of no better book. There is a noble poem by Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, on the "Death of Wyoming," and a prose sketch of the same repulsion of half a dozen common writers. We are glad to see that the publisher is to have the assistance of an eminent lady's talents for his next year's volume. The story of "Clara," by Mrs Ann S Stephens, is finished in the number, and certainly is the most thrilling and magazine tale of the year. The other articles are from such writers as Mrs. Embury, Mrs. Hewitt, Mrs. Ellet, &c. &c.

The embellishments are first-rate specimens of gentlemen engraving. "The Shepherd's Grave," is a touching poem with a beautiful engraved female face—a fashion plate—and "The Leading of Children," is a fine engraving from the volume, and the best one in publisher possessed shall be superior to the present. The music is also excellent, and has a series of national subjects is being published in the number of Washington's birth day, from a picture never before published.

We are satisfied to rely that the magazine with the Poet, to the advantage of our subscribers, as we will be seen by a note at the head of our editorial column. Not only we, but the present subscribers' interests will be benefited as the *last of the lady's books*.

LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE, *for December*, is out and on our table, and a fine number it is. Besides the usual notes, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Hewitt, Mrs. Stephens, Mrs. Peterson, who at this—the last of contributors—is known as the author of "Grace Dudley," and other works, Miss Eleanor Napoleon Ellet, Miss Jane Ellet, Lee Hentz, Osgood, &c. &c. The embellishments are "The Shepherd's Grave," a touching title page, Place of Tradition, Land of the Pilgrims, &c. and they are truly beautiful. "Mary Harrison is wide awake, and will make a great standard work

Selected Poetry.

A WORD.

A word is like a stone, dropped into the river of thought. It travels down, down, and the ripples spread in widening circles till they touch the shore of other minds, and stir the waves there. But a word once uttered can never be recalled.

A word is like a seed sown by the way side. It springs up, bears fruit after its kind, and the sower must wait the harvest to see whether it shall be evil or good.

A word is like a sunbeam. It may dart into the soul to cheer and illumine, or it may fall upon the sensitive nerves to scorch and blister.

A word is like a feather, borne hither and thither by every breeze that blows.

A word is like a spark, which may set a whole city in a blaze.

A word is like a bee, it may bring honey, or it may sting.

A word is like a flash of lightning, which rends the tree it passes through.

A word is like a shaft from the bow. The poisoned arrow has pierced the heart before the archer's eye can see the victim.

A word is like the air, a subtle medium through which we live, and move, and have our being, as the spirits around us live, and move, and have their being in us.

A word is like a grain of sand, which helps to form the pearl of great price.

A word is like the drop of water, which collected with others, may overwhelm the mighty ship in the sea.

A word is like the little rudder, which guides the course of the noble vessel amid the storm.

A word is like the talisman, which opens the iron doors of the prison house, and sets the captive free.

A word is like the spring of water, welling up in the traveller's path in the desert.

A word is like the lightning rod, which averts the bolt of heaven from the dwelling.

A word is like the match, which may light the fire on the hearth stone, or the funeral pile.

A word is like the key, which admits the sunlight of heaven to the chamber.

A word is like the sentinel, which guards the door of the lips.

A word is like the watchman, which sounds the alarm in the ear of the sleeping city.

A word is like the shepherd's call, which gathers the scattered sheep into the fold.

A word is like the sweet south wind, which melts the frozen earth into fruitfulness.

A word is like the rainbow, which spans the retiring storm with the arch of promise.

A word is like the magnet, which draws the needle of the soul to the pole star of truth.

A word is like the mirror, which reflects the image of the speaker.

A word is like the tongue of the balance, which inclines the scale of destiny.

A word is like the oil, which heals the wounds it has made.

A word is like the voice of the sweet singer, which charms the ear of the listener.

A word is like the sculptor's chisel, which gives form to the shapeless block.

A word is like the trumpet, which rouses the host to battle.

A word is like the sword, which defends the right, or smites the wrong.

A word is like the scroll, which records the deeds of the past for the instruction of the future.

A word is like the pen, which writes the history of the present for the benefit of the future.

A word is like the finger, which points the way to the traveller.

A word is like the bell, which tells the hour of the day.

A word is like the clock, which marks the flight of time.

A word is like the hand, which executes the purpose of the mind.

A word is like the foot, which bears the body on its errand.

A word is like the eye, which sees the path of duty.

A word is like the ear, which hears the cry of distress.

A word is like the heart, which feels for the sorrows of others.

A word is like the conscience, which approves the right and condemns the wrong.

A word is like the soul, which lives forever.

Tales of the Heart.

THE GRANDFATHER;

OR,

A Record of the Police Office.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD, 1832.

"You mustn't be defacing the walls here, always—you're old enough to know better—you're old enough to know better now," was the warning addressed by a police constable to an old man on whom we, as well as time had pressed heavily, but who yet seemed less bowed down by these than by some great and bitter trouble. He appeared to have been writing with a piece of chalk some unintelligible words on the wall. On he moved without a remonstrance, unless a deep sigh might be so interpreted.

It was a bleak, raw evening in autumn. Heavy rain succeeded to the dust of a fair, night's day weather had made the streets wet and slippery as after the breaking up of a frost. Thick lowering clouds, through which not a star struggled, threatened yet more rain. Wandering on apparently without any settled course, the old man stopped in another street, it was somewhere in the extreme west of town, metropolis with the same intention as before. His chalk was already reduced to a stump, and, den wall, over which, among some leafless trees, hung a lamp, when he was again interrupted by a constable on duty, who changed him with the design of keeping the wall in a bleak, raw, dismal, with the admonition not to be again found lurking in that neighborhood.

The wind, as he traversed the streets, seemed to oppose his progress at every turn, and the rain, which now began to fall, was cute to such an extent that it seemed to search out every nook and corner. The poor old wanderer soon caught a standing room more. The spot was more lonely and darker, and while the shower beat fiercely against him he had recourse to the chalk, and continued to write upon some rough boards that enclosed the roofless shell of an unfinished building, with brick-kilns and rubbish, a sentence or two, formed in lines something like parallel, and of better or many shapes and sizes. He labored hard to make every letter distinct, and continued them as well as he could in the uncertain light, but the rough surface would have puzzled an abler penman than he might be thought to be at last managed with such pain and difficulty to chalk on the boards few could have deciphered in broad daylight—even supposing that late pelting rain did not wash the scrawl away before day dawned.

Having finished it, he threw upward to the heavens, now entirely obscured by chilling and dismal vapor, a look in which a tempest of pain, impotent, or courage, that would not be fairly comprehended by the best or the worst of the more possibility of ultimate success or hope, and and strange addresses.

As the rain fell without intermission, and the night wished it would stop—as the lodging house agitated all whom necessity or choice transgress the statute of London on that score—by night, for passengers, even if they chanced to note the old man loitering by the door of so empty house at so late an hour, could form no guess as to what he was about